NEW SONGS.

1. The Lucky Escape,
2. Down among the Rashes,
3. The Flowman Lad,
4. Gaffer Gray,
5. A New Song, by Oxford.

Printed this present Year, 1795.

The Lucky Escape.

I That once was a ploughman a ſailor am now,
No lark that aloft in the ſky,
E'er flatter'd his wings to give ſpeed to the plough,
Was ſo gay and ſo careleſs as I,
Was ſo gay and ſo careleſs as I,
My friend was a carpenter on board of king's ſhip,
He aſked me to go juſt to ſea for a trip,
He talk'd of ſuch things as if ſailors were kings,
And ſo teazing did keep, and ſo teazing did keep,
That I left my poor plough to go ploughing the deep.
No longer ſhall the horn call me up in the morn, &c.
I truſted to the carpenter and the inconſtant wind,
Which made me go and leave my dear behind.

I did not like much for to be on board a ſhip,
Where great danger, no door to creep out,
I lov'd jolly tars, with bumbo and ſlip,
But I did not like working about, &c.
By and by came a hurrican, I did not like that.
The next was a battle where many ſeaman lay flat.
O, cried I, who would roam, when ſo happy at home,
I could ſow I could reap could ſow I could reap,
When I left my poor plough to go ploughing the deep,
No longer the horn, &c.

O then ſafe I landed and in a whole ſkin,
Nor did I make any long ſtay,
Till I found by a friend that I ask'd for my kin,
Daddy's dead, and my wifes run away, &c.
O cried I who could roam when ſo happy at home.

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I could ſow I could reap, I could ſow I could reap,
When I left my poor plough to go ploughing the deep,
No longer the horn, &c.

O ſince it is ſo ſaid this very ſame friend,
That you intend no more for to roam,
Give's a ſhake of your fill, all your cares at an end,
Daddy's well and your wife's ſafe at home, &c.
Stark ſtaring with joy I leapt out of my ſkin,
Kiſs my wife, mother, ſiſter, and all of my kin,
O cried who would roam when ſo happy at home,
I am well ſo I'll keep, I am well ſo I'll keep,
No more to leave my plough to go ploughing the deep,
Once more ſhall the horn call me up in the morn,
Nor ſhall any falſe carpenter or the unconſtant wind
E'er enduce me for to go and leave my dear behind.

Down among the Raſhes.

MY Jocky blyth, for what thou'ſt done,
there is nae help nor mendin,
For thou haſt jogg'd me out of tune,
for a thy fair pretending.
My mither ſees a change on me,
or my complexion daſhes,
And this alas, has been with thee,
ſae late among the raſhes.

JOCKY.

My Peggy what I've ſaid I'll do,
to free thee frae her ſcoulding,
Come then and let us buckle to,
nae langer let's be fooling,
For her content I'll inſtant wed,
ſince thy complexion daſhes,
And then we'll try a feather bed,
'tis ſafter then the raſhes.

PEGGY.

Then Jocky ſince thy love's ſae true,
let mither ſcold, I'm eaſy,
Sae langs I live I ne'er ſhall rue,
for what I've done to pleaſe thee.
And there's my hand I'll ne'er complain,
oh! weel's me on the raſhes,
Whene'er thou likes I'll do't again,
and a fig for a' their claſhes.

The Ploughman.

THE Plowmon he's a bonny lad,
And a' his wark at leiſure,
When that he comes hame at e'en,
He kiſſes me wi' pleaſure.

The Plowmon he comes hame at e'en,
He comes baith wet and weary,
Caſt aff the wet put on the dry,
And come to bed my deary.

The plowman he gaes to his bed,
And thinks to get the eaſe o't,
But he maun yoke the ſtots again,
And briſk about the braes o't.

He has three ouſen in a plough,
And twa of them are blind Jo,
The ſeeing ane he gaes before,
The other twa behind Jo.

He plow'd it upon a brae,
Beneath there was a glen Jo,
Two of them fell o'er the heugh,
The third he ſcrambled in Jo.

Now the bloomy ſpring comes on,
He goes to fallow chearly,
He ſplits the heather buſh in twa,
And takes his yoaking early.

Plow yon hill plow yon dale,
Plow you fangh or fallow,
He that does not drink the plowmans
health,
Is but a dirty fallow.

GAFFER GRAY.

O A! why doſt thou ſhiver and ſhake,
Gaffer Gray:
And why doſt thy noſe look ſo blue?
"'Tis the weather that's cold,
"'Tis I'm grown very old,
"And my doublet is not very new,
"Well a day!"

Then line thy wore doublet with ale,
Gaffer Gray,
And warm thy old heart with a glaſs:
"Nay, but credit I've none,
"And my money's all gone;
"Then ſay how may that come to paſs,
"Well a day!"

Hie away to the houſe on the brew,
Gaffer Gray,
And knock at the jolly prieſt's door—

" The Prieſt often preaches,
" Againſt wordly riches,
" But ne'er gives a mite to the poor,
" Well a day!"

The lawyer lives under the hill,
Gaffer Gray,
Warmly fenc'd both in back and in front,
" He will faften his locks,
" And will threaten the flocks,
" Should he ever more find me in want
" well a day!"

The Squire has fat beeves and brown ale
Gaffer Gray,
And the feaſon will welcome you there,
" His fat beeves a' his beef,
" And his merry new yeſ,
" Are all for the ſtuth and the fair,
" Well a day!"

My keg is but low, I confeſs,
Gaffer Gray,
What then? while it laſts man we'll live.
" The poor man alone,
" Will hear the poor moan,

Of his morſal a morſal will give,
Well a day!

A New Song of Oxford.

GOD proſper long our noble king,
who heard my woeful call:
To him with merry heart I'll ſing,
who ſav'd my dreaded fall.

Both *Death* and *Hell* encompaſs'd me,
and terrors round aroſe:
But then I cried full piteouſly,
O! ſcreen me from my foes.

He heard, he ſpake: his royal will
full royally was ſhewn:
Prerogative ſhall ſcreen thee ſtill
behind my royal throne.

What then, tho' all the people ſay,
that this is all a farce,
Still ſhall my merry heart be gay,
and bid them kiſs my—

FINIS.

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